TOTAL LYRIC 20P
51, MOUNT PLEASANT, KEYWORTH, NOTTS.
Total Lyric

Take The Toys from the Boys !

TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS they made a bomb out of cotton
TAKE THEIR HANDS OFF THE GUNS made a bomb out of coffee
TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS they made a bomb out of sugar
GET THEIR FINGERS OFF THE TRIGGER they made a bomb!
TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS they gotta make a living
GET THEIR HANDS OFF THE GUNS they gotta make a killing
TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS they gotta get promotion
GET THEIR FINGERS OFF THE BUTTON they made a bomb!
TAKE THE TOYS FROM THE BOYS they made a bullet out of rubber
GET THEIR HANDS OFF THE MONEY made a cannon out of water
TAKE THEIR EYES OFF THE DIALS they gotta make a killing
GET THEIR FINGERS OFF THE BUTTON they made a bomb
THEY MADE A BOMB OUT OF COTTON they made a bomb out of coffee
THEY MADE A BOMB OUT OF SUGAR made a bullet out of rubber
THEY MADE A BOMB OUT OF MUSIC made a hit with a record
THEY MADE A FOOL OUT OF YOU THEY MADE A BOMB !

techo chemico metho petrolium/macho mechanico micro effluvium/ microfission nicholplated missile plutonium/techno genetico rocket planetarium/irrevelent formulae for metal pandamonium research your kneejerk for traces of uranium/they give the toys to the boys but the girls get the dollies/birth control or mind control/it's a war economy !

JUST ANOTHER BOMBSONG
ANOTHER BLOODY BOMBSONG
JUST ANOTHER PEACE SONG
ANOTHER BLOODY PEACE MARCH/ANOTHER PROTEST/
ANOTHER ISSUE/ANOTHER MINDFUCK ?

ISN'T IT AMAZING THAT WITH ALL THE MONEY
THEY SPEND ON NUCLEAR BOMBS AND ALL THE
OTHER UGLY WASTEFUL DEATHCULTURE TECHNOLOGY,
THERE STILL ISN'T A SAFE AND RELIABLE
CONTRACEPTIVE.....????????????

TOTAL LYRIC

Hello I fancied a change from a normal sort of zine so I've compiled some poems and lyrics by various great people. Depending on the reaction to this zine there may be a second total lyric, so send in your lyrics an[illegible] poems we would love to see them. Az No3 should be out sometime after christmas so watch out for that and also contribute to it if you want.....A very very massive thankyou to Claire who has agreed to help me with all future zines so now I've got time to write more personal articles. Anyway please let me know what you think of this zine....you can get us at..... Claire & Paul : 51, Mount Pleasant, Keyworth, Notts.

51, Mount Pleasant, Keyworth, Notts.

I would love to say hello and Ta to all of the following groovy people, Steve & Gregg, Tracey & Richard and the rest of SVD who I don't know, the snails on whoever the masked poet (Simon), the Mob, Sinyx, Snipers, Bob & the by products, Spallone, everyone at Paul's house the night of the backingtape, Terminal popstars, Mark, Poison Girls, Cravats, Simon, Part 1, Fleaty, Amanda, Az (the female), Zounds, Flux, Drooper + Tony, Keiron, and Rudimentry Peni, and if I've forgot anyone, send angry letters to y anja [illegible] hope that address is clear, Oh yeah a very special Fanx to Annie Anxiety for letting us use her persona' in Az 3

LOVE

CLAIRE & PAUL

Hello DAN - let the [illegible]

SNAIL MOOSIC FOR TOAD PEOPLE

ROCK'N' TROLL IS HERE TO STAY

WATCH OUT FOR 'DEVIATION' - zine ONLY 10p + SAE FROM AMANDA - 34 WHITE HORSE DRIVE, EPSOM.

BRING OUT THE DEAD !
BRING OUT THE DEAD !
BRING OUT THE DEAD !
BRING OUT THOSE WITH NO MIND
AND PUT THEM IN THE CART
THE DREGS OF MANKIND
THE PEOPLE WITH NO HEART
THE PLAGUE IS HERE
BUT WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO FEAR
BRING OUT THE DEAD!

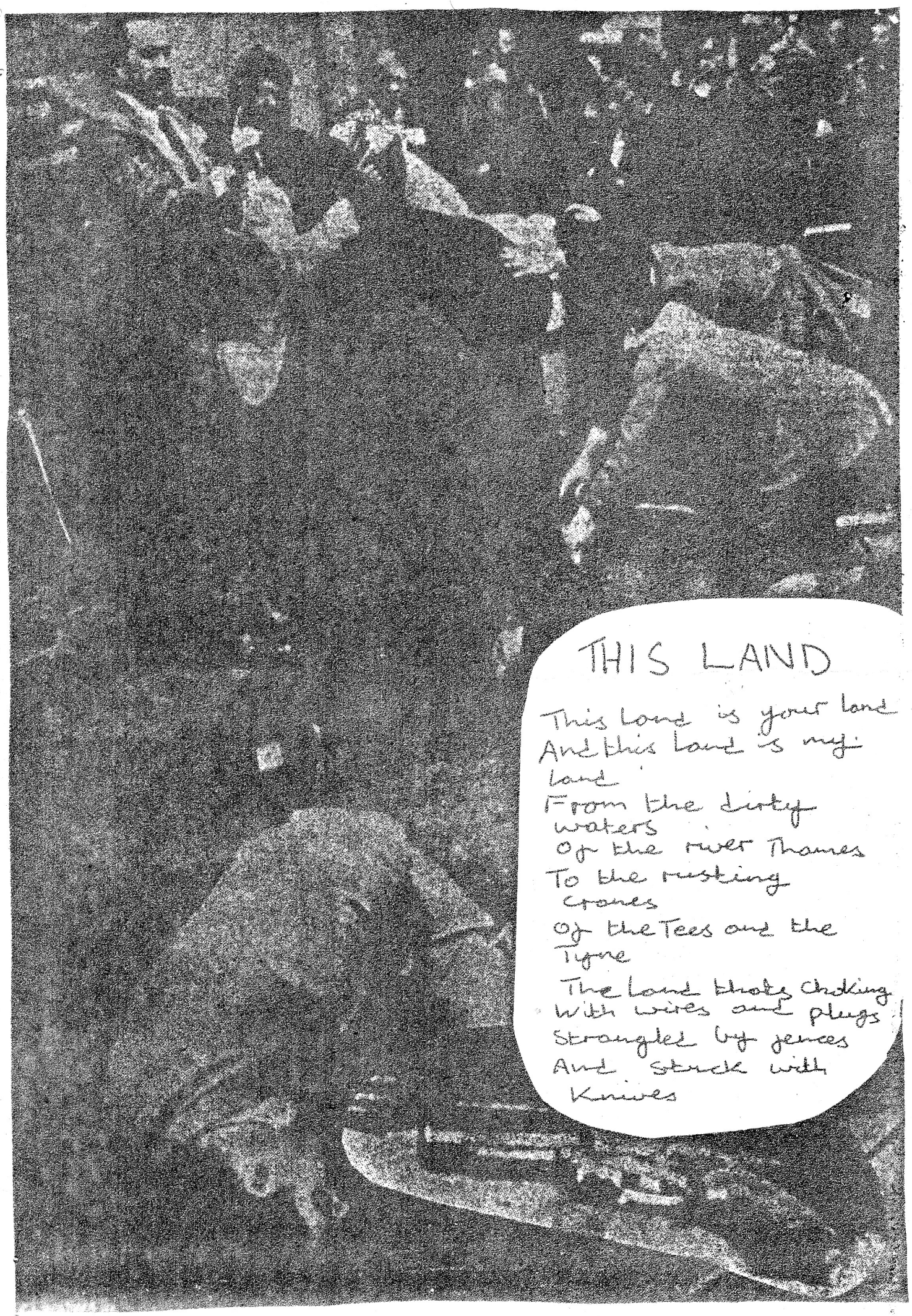
BRING OUT THE DEAD !
BRING THE LABELS LIKE
POWER WAR CHURCH
PUT THEM ON THE FIRE
BURN THEM FROM THE EARTH
THE PLAGUE IS HERE
BUT WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
BRING OUT THE DEAD !

BRING OUT THE DEAD !
THOSE DRESSED AS WOLVES
WHO ARE JUST SHEEP
THEIR MINDS ARE GONE
THEIR BRAIN'S ASLEEP
THE PLAGUE IS HERE
BUT WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
BRING OUT THE DEAD !

BRING OUT THE DEAD !
ANARCHY'S HERE
THE PLAGUE OF PEACE
THERE'S NO MORE ARMY
-NO POLICE
THE PLAGUE IS HERE
BUT WE'VE NOTHING TO FEAR
B R I N G O U T T H E D E A D !

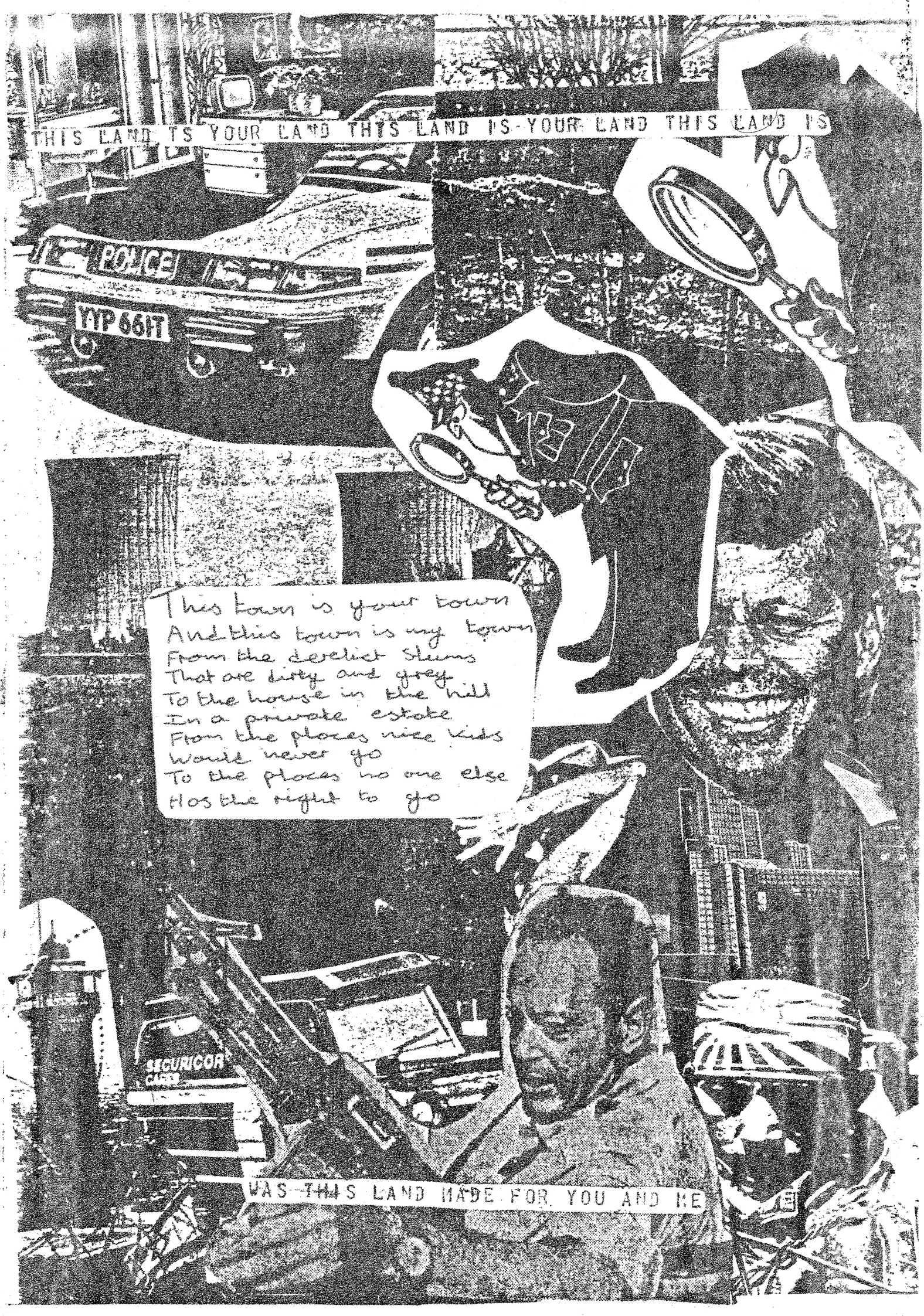
© -SINYX- 81

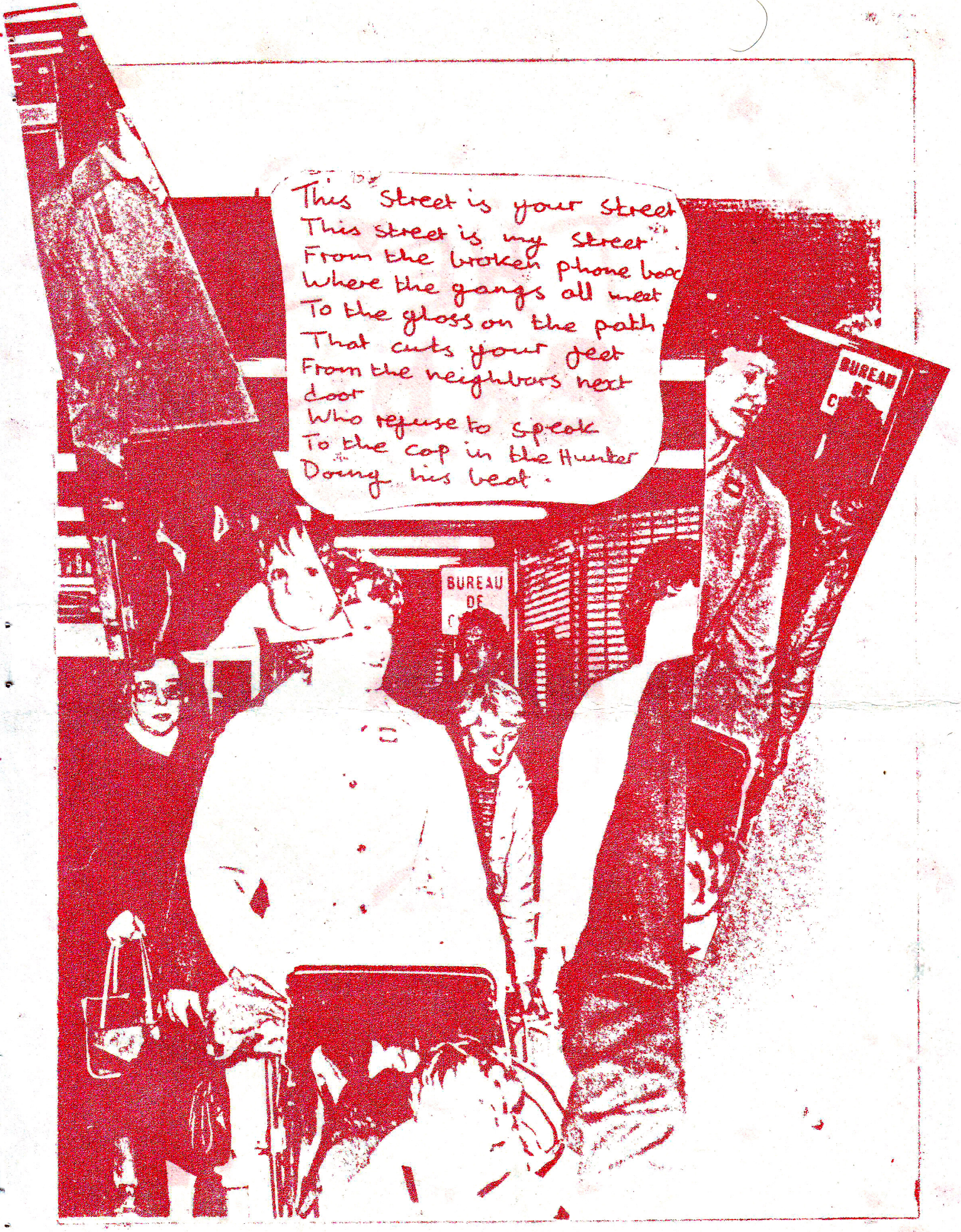
THE PLAGUE



THIS LAND

This land is your land
And this land is my land
From the dirty
waters
Of the river Thames
To the rusting
cranes
Of the Tees and the
Tyne
The land that's choking
With wires and plugs
Strangled by fences
And stuck with
Knives


THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND THIS LAND IS
POLICE
WP 66 IT
This town is your town
And this town is my town
From the derelict slums
That are dirty and grey
To the house in the hill
In a private estate
From the places nice kids
Would never go
To the places no one else
Has the right to go
SECURICOR
WAS THIS LAND MADE FOR YOU AND ME



ITS YOUR WORLD TOO

THE Baby

My mothers skin it was too thick.....
I am dead nobody heard
Let me out-I want to live !
I am frightened of the darkness
A swimmer in a secret sea
I am floating in a vacuum
My future rests upon your choice
Mother can you hear my voice?
Will you destroy what you create
All your tears for one nights weakness
Bear no grudges I have none
I am here now please accept me
Must I suffer for your wrongs
So much hatred you want me dead
But I want the chance to live
I'm afraid ther's so much hatred
From the world outside this room
I'm alive! But where am I ?
A bloody room is all I see
I have rights/you were like me
This is so good
To be alive
I am knocking can you hear me
I am knocking can you here me
I am knocking can you here me
I am knocking can you here me
I hear bickering I hear bickering

FROM FRANCE-NEW COSMETIC
TANS IN 48 HOURS
WITHOUT SUN
PILLOW
RELAX THE WAY NATURE INTENDED with your neck, shoulders, back and spine enjoying firm yet resilient support
SPECIAL PURCHASE
3,000 SUN DRESSES
By 'LINZI
TO CLEAR AT ONLY £5.9
Wonderful value
NEW! THE IMPROVED COPPER BRACELET
Over 20 grams of solid copper. Available with plain or decorated outer.
Rothmans
KING SIZE
SAVE £££s
HUGE CLEARANCE OF QUALITY
WIGS
£1.10
SMOKING NOW!
How can you afford it at today's prices. Stop smoking now with the aid of APAL.
Pork Pie
BATTERED HADDOCK STEAKS
Frozen Food
UGLY VEINS!
UNSIGHTLY SKIN BLEMISHES!
Restore the natural look
HOPES
KINGSTON DIRECT SALES
VISA

HOW THE FUCK DO YOU WORK THE VOLUME CONTROL ?

WHERE THE FUCK IS THE VOLUME CONTROL ?

LIKE LEAD. SCRATCHY RUMBLINGS SICK VOICES SCREAM FROM HIBERNATING TELEVISI
DEAD WOOD/ DESPISE DEAD WOULD AND DESPISE STARKLY DEAD WHITE INSETS
ENOUGH TO BE OF SERVICE TO ME.(SAD CELLULOSE SMOOTHNESS LENDS

DONE.WHITE WORDS THAT STING AND SQUEAK AND SCRAPE SACRED SCRIPTURE

ONS FOR CHILDREN'S TELEVISION AND HOW TO TEACH YOUR PETS TO LOVE YOU/COVERED OVER WITH DUSTY
WRITING HOPELESS LOVE WORDS TO A LOST GENERATION.FALSE/LIKE WORDS/COMMUNICATE THAT THE
ITSELF TO MY PURPOSELESS RANTING). ANGRY DEATH WORDS/SANDUST AND IMPOTANT POLISH
POLISH FROM THE NEWLY GLIMMERED SURFACE/SO IMPORTANT/STANDING LOUD
FUMES DRIFTING INTO AN ALREADY DEAD AND
STUPID AIMLESS BASTARD CAN'T HELP BUT FEAR/LOOSE YOUR SANITY/HONEY/ LOOSE YOUR
SWEAT AND STICK STAINED SHEETING TO BLOCK OUT THE LIGHT
OF THE DYING TREE AND PROTECT
THE LITTLE CATS FROM LAUGHING BEFORE THEY KNOW HOW WOODY SCREAMS.
DROP DEAD!/RED WOOD DEAD/ DROWN IN DANCE LIKE DREAMDON DROWNS IN DREAMS/
TAKE EFFECT. NEW LIFE WORDS MADE WAY FOR IN STARK WHITE INSETS THAT DESPISE
OF IT'S DEAD TREEHOOD THAT SAID IT COULD GROW AND STRENGTHEN LONG LASTING
AND NOT VERY WELL CAMOUFLAGED AND PROUD
STERILE WORLD STILL STRUGGLING TO

CLAIRE ATI

Barclaycard *News*

BARCLAYCARD VISA STATEMENT

DETAIL

BALANCE FORWARD
****
(ENTRY CHARGE £1.22
(LESS ALLOWANCE £0.84
NET CHARGE 1JUN/31AUG
****

515549

90960896

DIARY

24SEP81

1981/ 17

Barclays Bank Limited

VISA

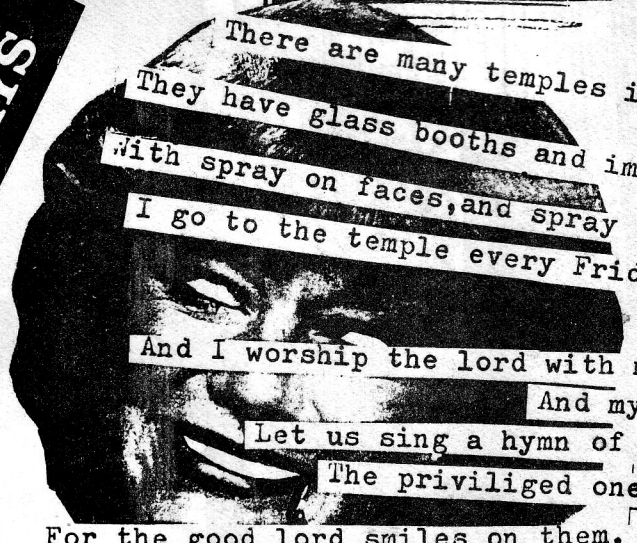
BALANCE

THE LORDS PRAYER

BARC Wantag

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

BARCLAYS



There are many temples in our city,
They have glass booths and immaculate priests,
With spray on faces, and spray on smiles,
I go to the temple every Friday,
And I worship the lord with my cashpoint card,
And my holy blue cheque book,
Let us sing a hymn of praise,
The priviliged ones have Barclay cards and mortgages,
For the good lord smiles on them.
He is society and the good life,
Forgive me lord for I have sinned,
Our father who art in Barclays Bank,
Thy cashpoint card come,
On earth as it is in Barclays.
I suppose they're sinners, such is life

Pay He WHO Doth Take
An Arm and a leg only

Cheque No. Branch No. Account No.

20-90961: 90960

Number 42668044,

He is more to you than bread + butter,

A. NUMBER

I am 21 pounds overdrawn,
Hallowed be thy chequebook,
And thy will be done,
And how strange it is that the poor are poor,
.....Forever and ever Amen.
.....Tracey Toulouse.....

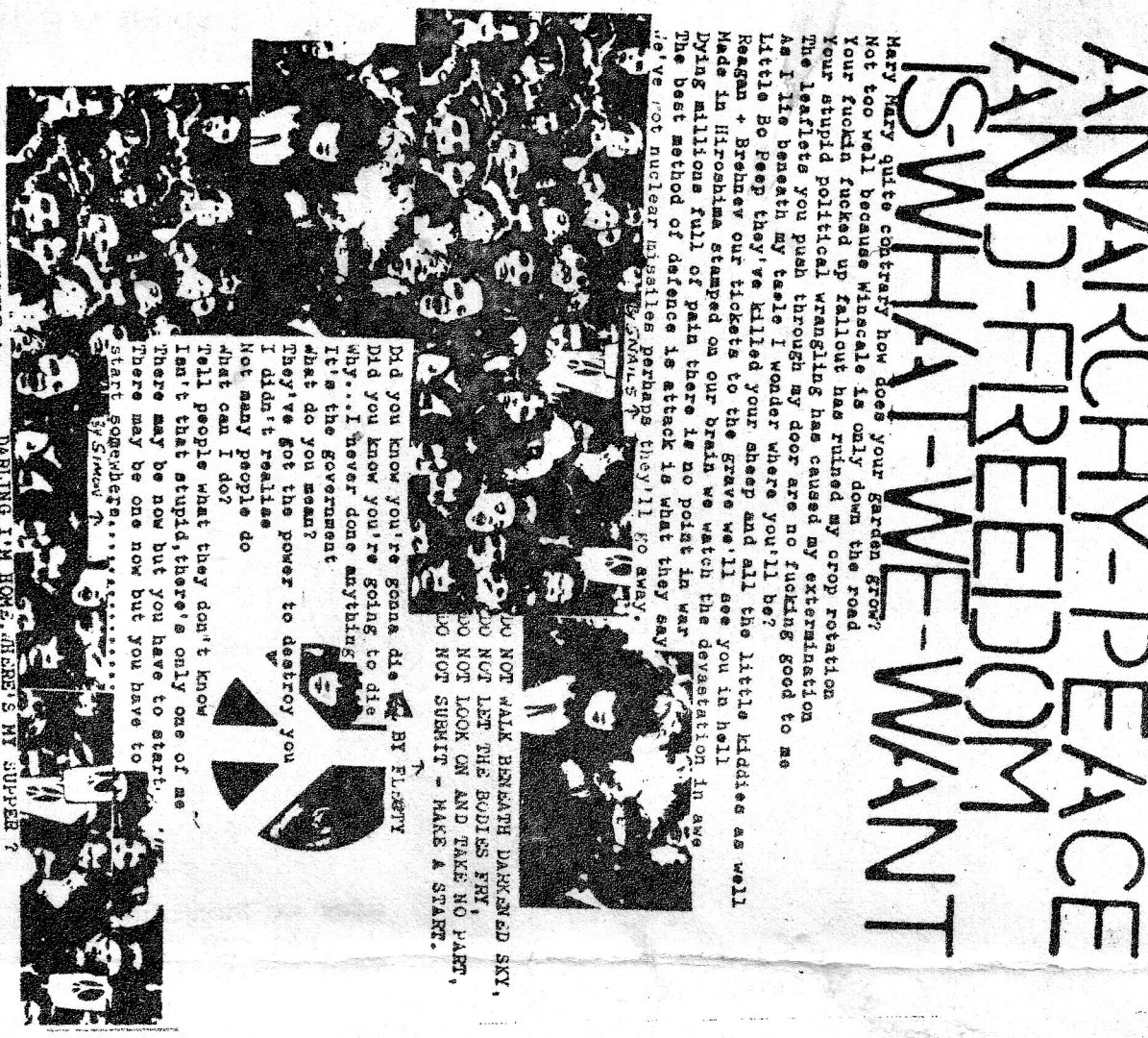
I'VE HAD ENOUGH

This is mankind and mankind kills
You think that women are just here for thrills
Your filthy morals just fucking stink
Don't try and get my hands in your sink
Don't make me your 'bird',I aint your pet
Well I've had enough,right up to my neck.

This is mankind and mankind kills
Why should women be raped at your will ?
This is mankind and mankind kills
Why should women pay for man's thrills ?

Why doesn't she get married ?
Wear that wedding ring ?
Can't she see it's the only respectable thing ?
She'll cook his meal
Sleep in his bed
Do anything he says

Lyrics/Music: CONFLICT.1981.



4 great poems/lyrics by Simon, Richard + Fleety all great & written in very individual styles - good stuff!

AND NOW THE LATE NEWZE.....

'THIS BITTER LESSON' ALIAS CLAIRE AND PAUL ARE TO RECORD A TAPE FOR POSSIBLE RELEASE ON THE 30 TH DECEMBER 81 ..

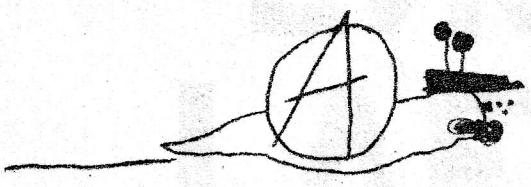
Sense 2 has been out for a while now and is areally brill zine from Manchester which is as the name suggests sense,it contains alot of anarchist/pacafist views well worth a read only 10p from Richard,72 Sale Road,Northern Moor,Manchester.

Terminal Illiteracy No2 a massive improvement on the first and I enjoyed that, contains Conflict,Rudimentry Peni as well as their own personal material,and lots more bands,keep up the good work,Steve+Greg,15,Ladylea Rd.,Horsley,Derby,20p

Annie Anxiety-Tropical Depression.....Wow...what more can you say..see rough trade

The Epsilons practise in a field....And hopefully will appear in Az 3...

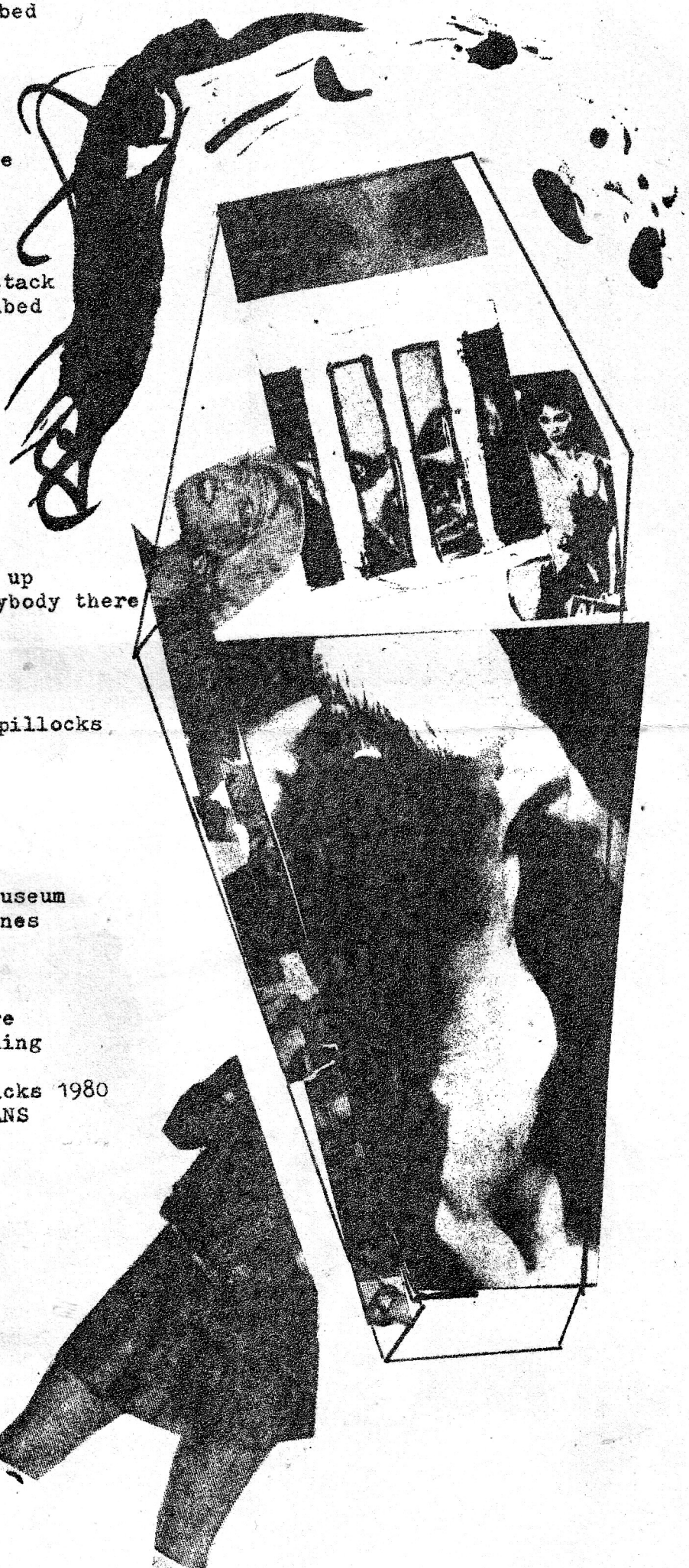
Ball of Confusion by Zeitgeist,the second release on jamming records,very different from the first,I like this a lot ,it's a really interesting rework of an old 'classic',It's hard to explain what this sounds like so I suggest you buy it instead,information on the band available from... 45-53 Sinclair Rd,London,W14.

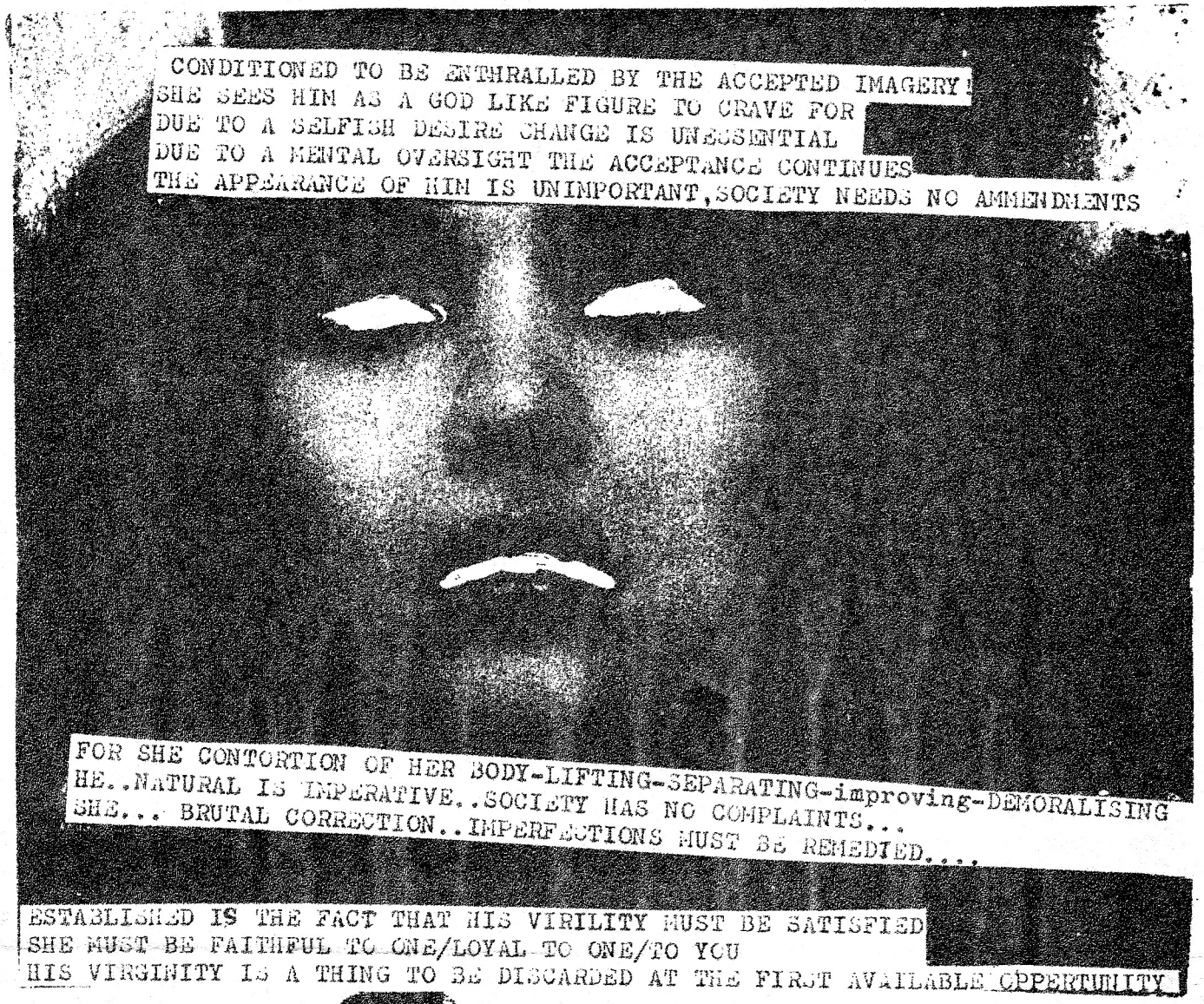


IS THERE ANYBODY THERE ? FLUX OF PINK INDIANS.....

They force you on a heart attack
they force you on your deathbed
they say goodbye to you
as you fade away
they put you in a box
they nail you in
shower you with flowers
scatter earth upon your grave
they cry to try to hide
they put you in the ground
bury you in a hole
wish it was the mantlepiece
They force you on a heart attack
they force you on your deathbed
they say goodbye to you
as you fade away
nail you in
six foot by two foot box
two inch solid wood
brass bloody handles
padded silk walls
buried in a hole
seven foot by two foot
stuck in a bloody box
maggots and worms eating me up
hello jesus?god?is there anybody there
is there anybody there?
open these bloody gates
hello I've been a nice boy
Please let me in
hello open these doors you pillocks
Let me out
Let me out
I'm going green and mouldy
and I'm all alone
left here to die
until they dig me up
and put me in the british museum
and prod and stare at my bones
Let me out
Let me out
I wanna go home
it's dark and smelly in here
and I can't see a bloody thing

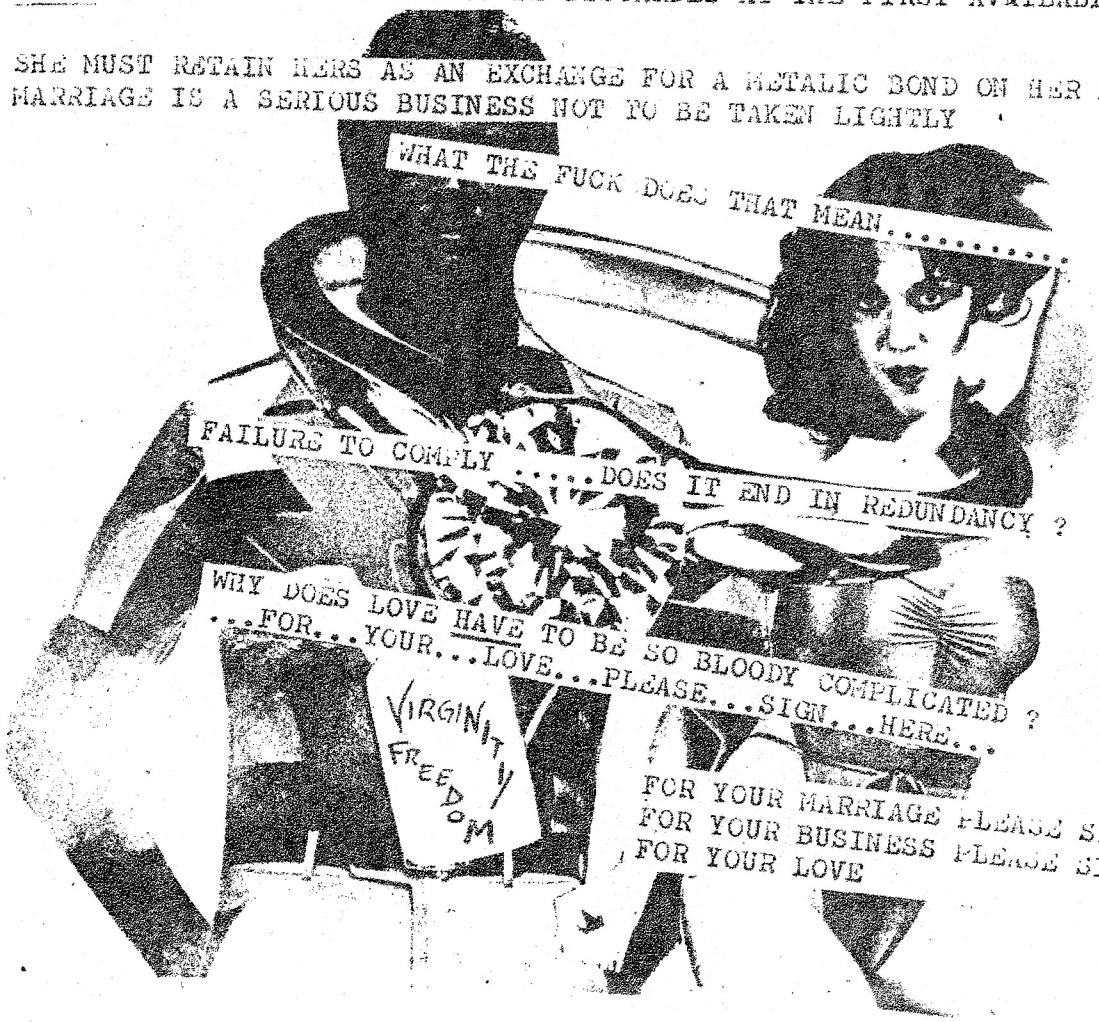
c p ex epileptics muzicks 1980
FLUX OF PINK INDIANS





ESTABLISHED IS THE FACT THAT HIS VIRILITY MUST BE SATISFIED
SHE MUST BE FAITHFUL TO ONE/LOYAL TO ONE/TO YOU
HIS VIRGINITY IS A THING TO BE DISCARDED AT THE FIRST AVAILABLE OPPERTUNITY

SHE MUST RETAIN HERS AS AN EXCHANGE FOR A METALIC BOND ON HER FINGER
MARRIAGE IS A SERIOUS BUSINESS NOT TO BE TAKEN LIGHTLY

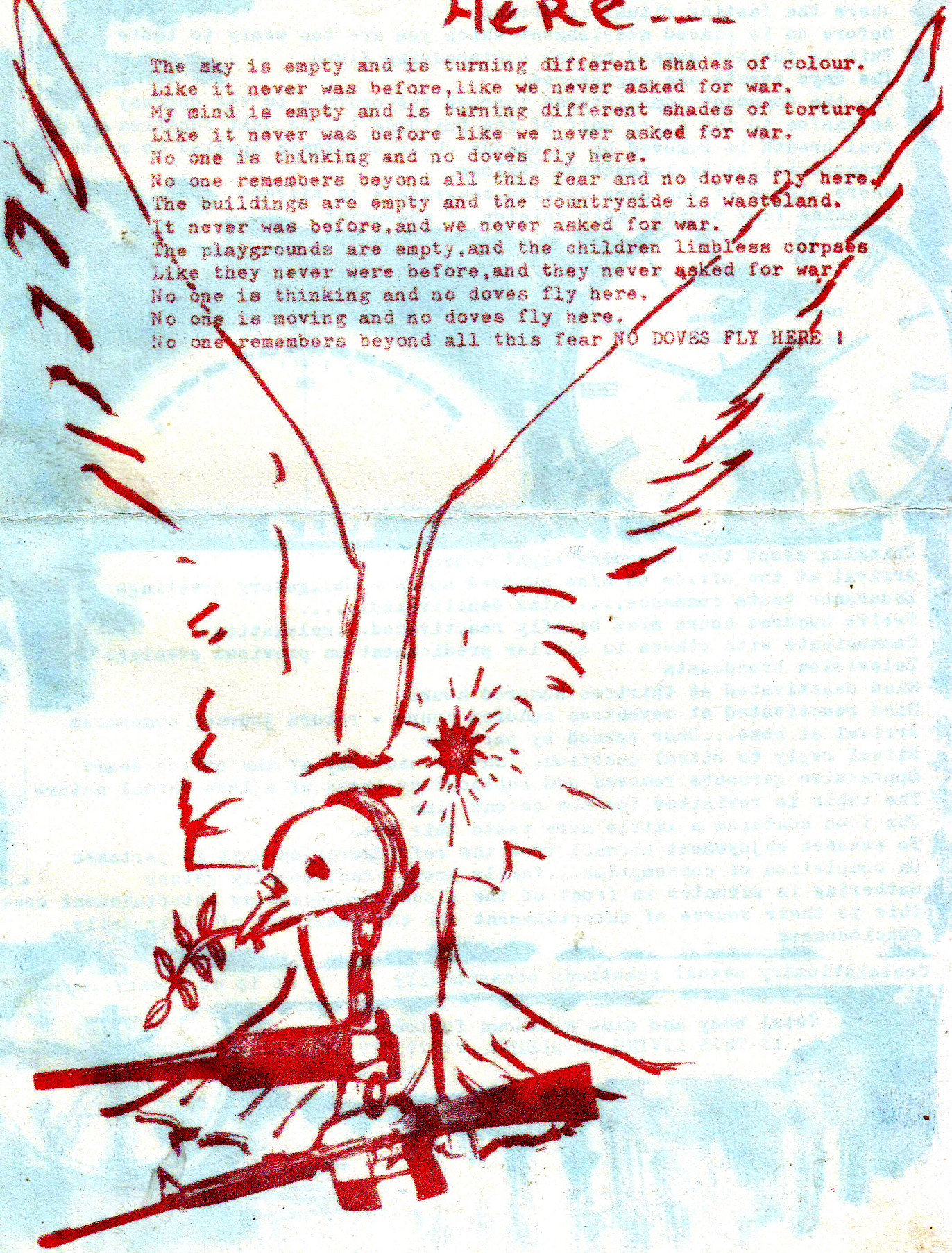


PAUL
AZ
81

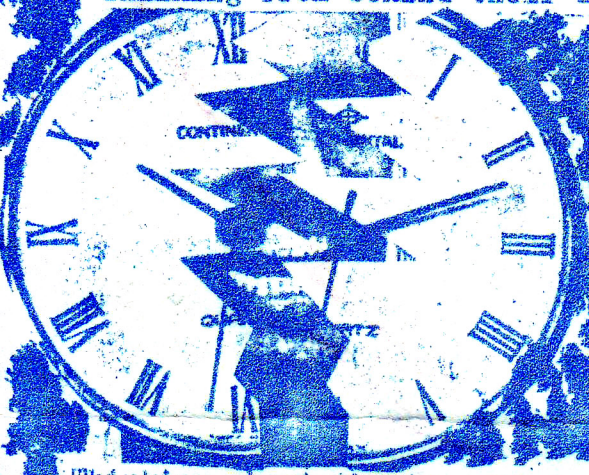
THE MOB

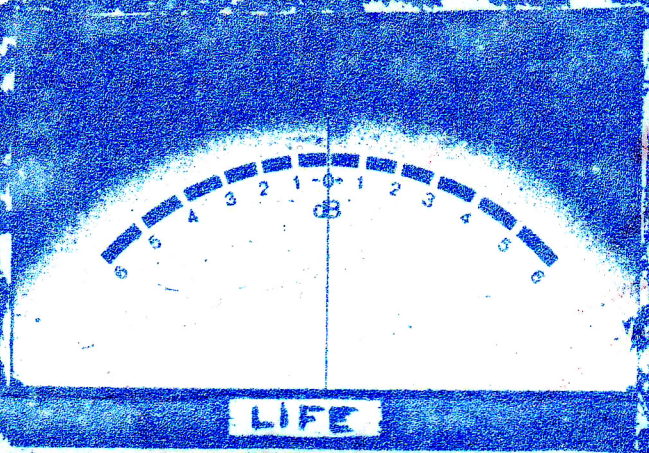
No Doves Fly Here---

The sky is empty and is turning different shades of colour.
Like it never was before,like we never asked for war.
My mind is empty and is turning different shades of torture.
Like it never was before like we never asked for war.
No one is thinking and no doves fly here.
No one remembers beyond all this fear and no doves fly here.
The buildings are empty and the countryside is wasteland.
It never was before,and we never asked for war.
The playgrounds are empty,and the children limbless corpses
Like they never were before,and they never asked for war.
No one is thinking and no doves fly here.
No one is moving and no doves fly here.
No one remembers beyond all this fear NO DOVES FLY HERE !



Time : oh eight hundred hours
Momentry pause from leaving my warm and secure cocoon
Cause of delay : sharp reduction in temperature
Garments of oppression affixed to your person
all initial functions performed at half awareness
Next function descend from upper half of building
Ceremoniously place yourself aside the recovery table
Where the fasting ritual is broken
Before us is placed nourishment which you are too weary to taste
This is further masked by the accompanying fluid
The days events are registered
Via the document administered through the orafice in the doorway
Ascension to the upper half of the building is the next function
Foul breath is removed by an opaque white substance applied to mouth
Transportation by locomotive follows
Where others of the same species congragate in silence
Thinking from behind their shields of newsprint

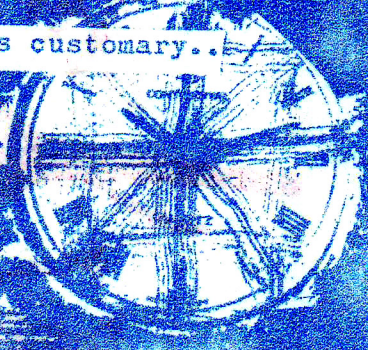




Thinking about the impending eight hours
Arrival at the office oh nine hundred hours - obligatory greetings
Endurance tests commence.....Mind deactivated.....
Twelve hundred hours mind briefly reactivated...relaxation
Communicate with others in similar predicament on previous evenings
Television broadcasts
Mind deactivated at thirteen hundred hours
Mind reactivated at seventeen hundred hours - return journey commences
Arrival at home...Door opened by partener
Ritual reply to ritual question..'have a nice day at the office dear?'
Oppressive garments removed and replaced by those of a less formal nature
The table is revisited for the second time
The food contains a little more taste this time
To enhance enjoyement alcohol from the refridgeration unit is partaken
On completion of consumption...family group traditionally gather
Gathering is situated in front of the visual broadcasting entertainment centre
This is their source of entertainment for the remainder of their daily conciousness

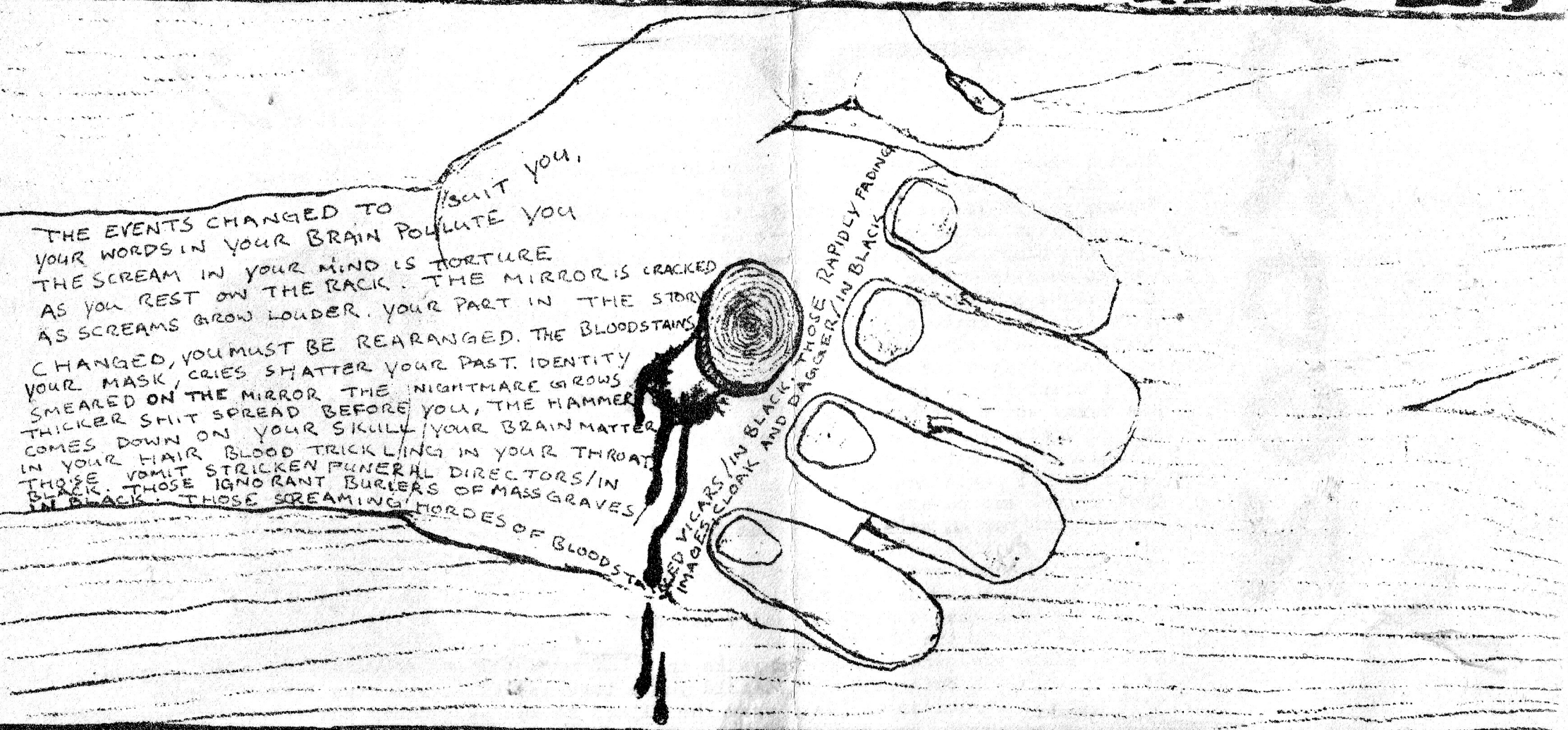
Consalationary sexual relations occasionally.....as is customary..

Total body and mind shutdown follows.....
IS THIS LIVING OR DIEING..?????????!!!!!!....
PAUL AT.WON



PAUL A. 91

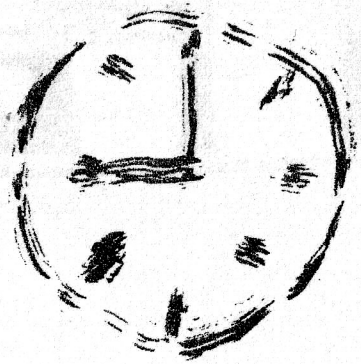
IN FEAR OF A CORPSE:



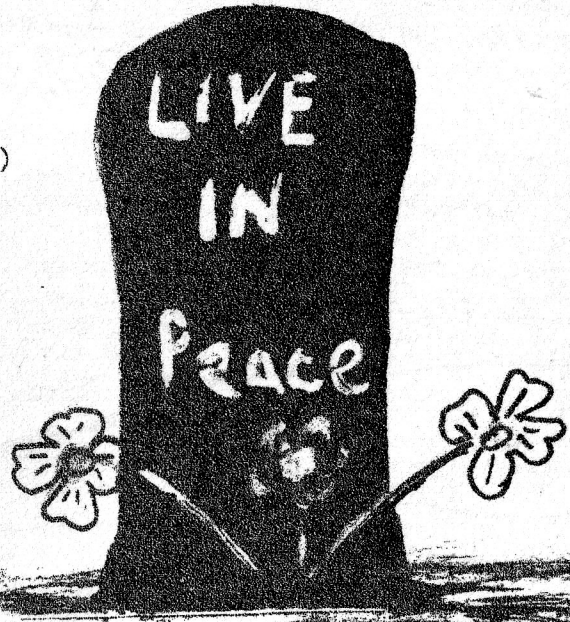
HANGING ON A CROSS

GORDON

CRAVATS



Gordon wakes up to his lot his teasmades made another pot of boiling water
You know your breakfasts on it's plate
Gordon you're five minutes late(it's boring she says it every day)
You got your bonds and your M reg car
The neighbours all think that you'll go far,Gordon.
Gordon goes into town
His washed and buffed cortina brown and shiny.
Saturdays are quite a thrill
Gordon doesn't rise until 9,30 (or when she calls him)
His mummy bought him the Ark Royal
Don't start it now or your tea will spoil Gordon.
His mummy won't let him make dates
And so Gordon masturbates himself to sleep
Gordon has a single scotch
Looks at his watch and sees it is 9.30.
Once a girl sat on his lap
Removed his cap an said that he was lovely
Gordon his excuses made
Then ram home his ego frayed and tattered
Gordon's locked inside the shed
In his hands he holds his head and a hatchet
His mummy shouts that he is late
Gordon slams the garden gate and walks in
If I've told you once Gordon I've told you a thousand times.Put down that hatchet Gordon or at least draw the blinds so the neighbours can't see

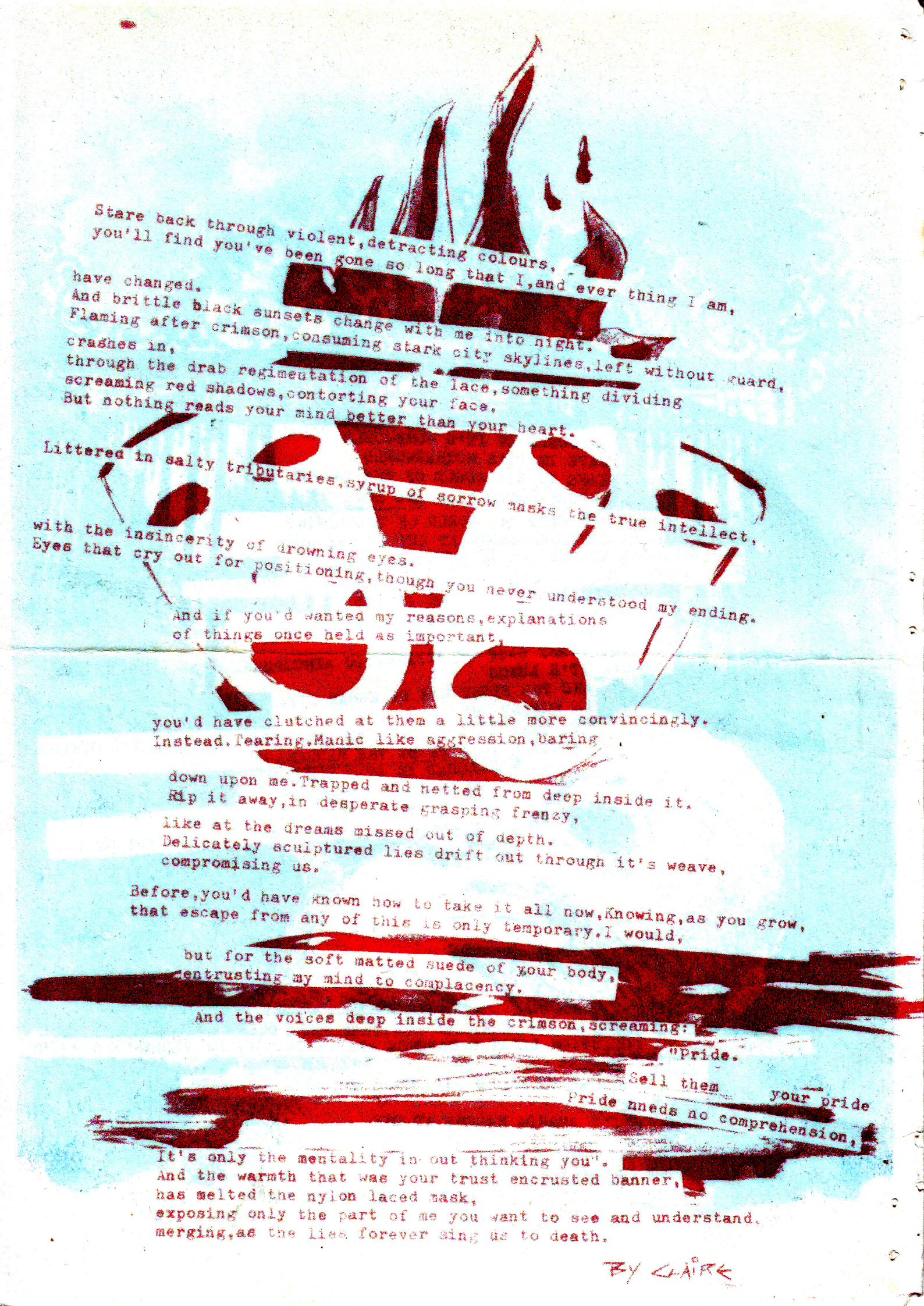


ENCLOSED IN IT'S WOMBWORLD
SAFE IN IT'S MOTHERWORLD
SAFE IN THE WORLD OF THE UNBORN
HOURS LATER PAIN AND LOVE
BRING IT INTO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING
PAIN AND LOVE BRING IT OUT OF THE WOMBWORLD
AND THE CORD IS CUT BY ONE DECISIVE INCISION
WITH A COLD SHARP SILVER ANTISEPTIC SURGICAL IMPLEMENT
AND THE CORD IS CUT
THE MIDWIFE'S HOT RHINEOSEROS-HIDE HAND
GIVES IT ONE DECISIVE SLAP
AND THE FIRST GASP OF ANTISEPTIC ATMOSPHERE
REACHES IT'S LUNGS
AND THE FIRST CRY OF HUMAN LIFE
IS FORCED OUT
TO TAKE IT'S PLACE WITH THE OTHER CRIES OF THE OTHERS
BROUGHT TO LIFE BY THE MERCENARY SURGEON
ENCLOSED IN IT'S WOMBWORLD
SAFE IN THE MOTHERWORLD
SAFE IN THE WORLD OF THE UNBORN.
NOW THREATENED VUNERABLE DELICATE FRIGHTENED

IN THE WORLD OF THE MALE ADULT
IN THE WORLD OF POLLUTION DECAY DECADENCE APATHY TECHNOLOGY VIOLENCE SLAVERY
WASTE
IN A WORLD WHERE BLOOD RUNS COLD AND LIFE IS DEATH.

AMANDA MALONE AT ONE

AMANDA IS FOR THE WOMEN'S ZINE 'DEVIATION'



Stare back through violent, detracting colours,
you'll find you've been gone so long that I, and ever thing I am,

have changed.
And brittle black sunsets change with me into night.
Flaming after crimson, consuming stark city skylines, left without guard,
crashes in,
through the drab regimentation of the lace, something dividing
screaming red shadows, contorting your face.
But nothing reads your mind better than your heart.

Littered in salty tributaries, syrup of sorrow masks the true intellect,
with the insincerity of drowning eyes.
Eyes that cry out for positioning, though you never understood my ending.

And if you'd wanted my reasons, explanations
of things once held as important,

you'd have clutched at them a little more convincingly.
Instead, Tearing, Manic like aggression, baring

down upon me. Trapped and netted from deep inside it.
Rip it away, in desperate grasping frenzy,

like at the dreams missed out of depth.
Delicately sculptured lies drift out through it's weave,
compromising us.

Before, you'd have known how to take it all now, Knowing, as you grow,
that escape from any of this is only temporary. I would,

but for the soft matted suede of your body,
entrusting my mind to complacency.

And the voices deep inside the crimson, screaming:

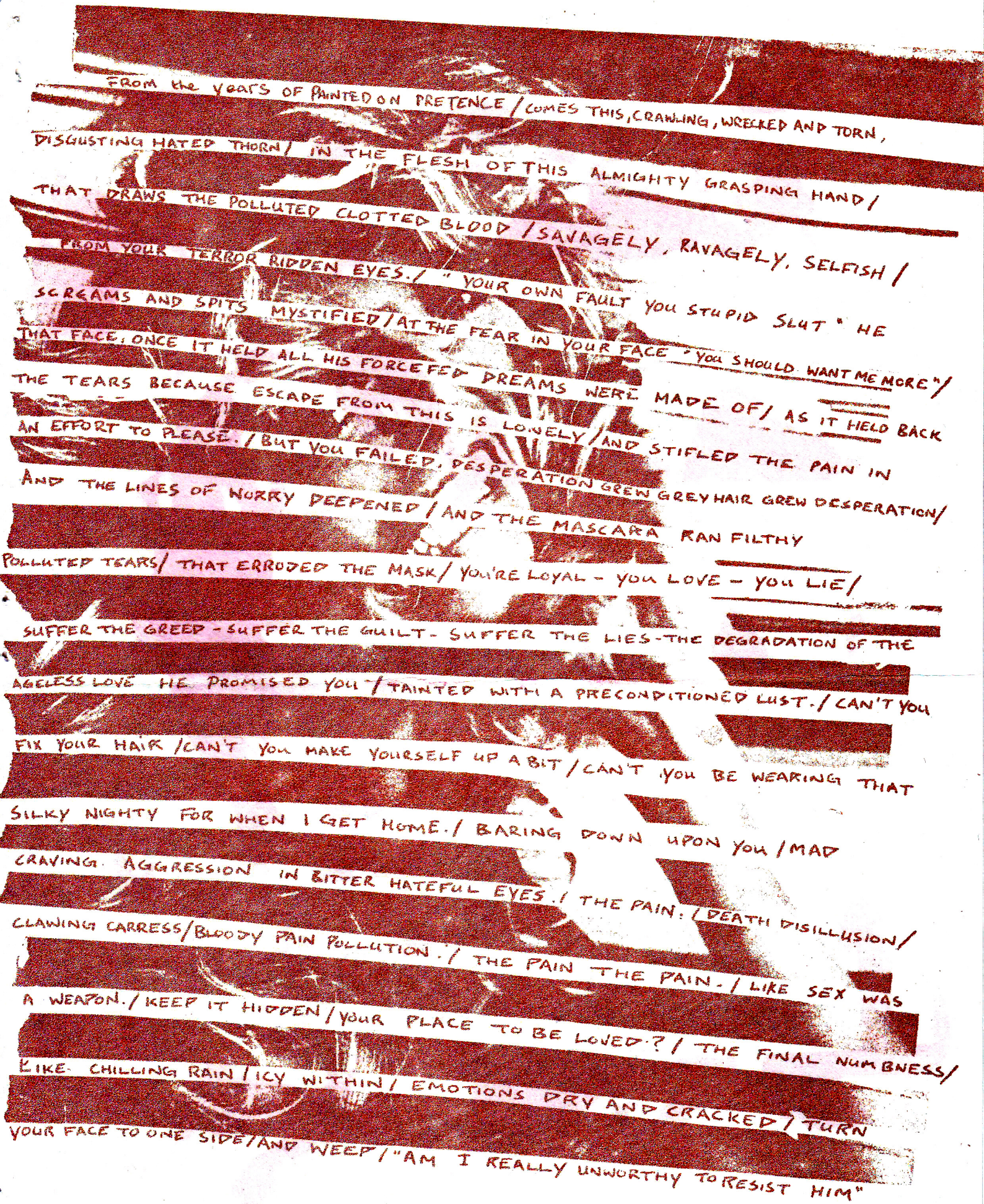
"Pride.

Sell them your pride

Pride needs no comprehension,

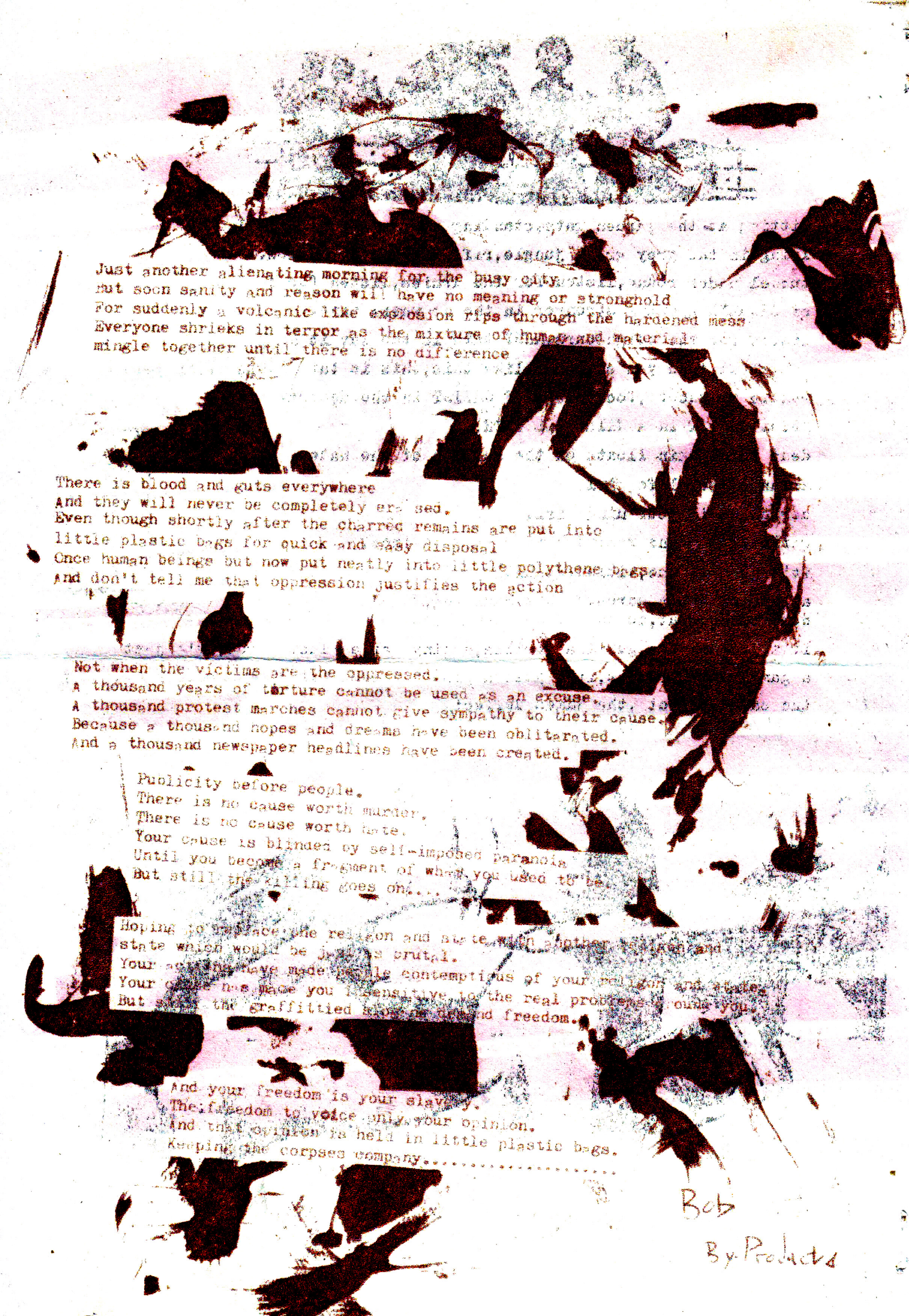
It's only the mentality in out thinking you'.
And the warmth that was your trust encrusted banner,
has melted the nylon laced mask,
exposing only the part of me you want to see and understand,
merging, as the lies forever sing us to death.

BY CLAIRE



FROM THE YEARS OF PAINTED ON PRETENCE / COMES THIS, CRAWLING, WRECKED AND TORN,
DISGUSTING HATED THORN / IN THE FLESH OF THIS ALMIGHTY GRASPING HAND /
THAT DRAWS THE POLLUTED CLOTTED BLOOD / SAVAGELY, RAVAGELY, SELFISH /
FROM YOUR TERROR RIDDEN EYES. / "YOUR OWN FAULT YOU STUPID SLUT" HE
SCREAMS AND SPITS MYSTIFIED / AT THE FEAR IN YOUR FACE "YOU SHOULD WANT ME MORE" /
THAT FACE, ONCE IT HELD ALL HIS FORCEFED DREAMS WERE MADE OF / AS IT HELD BACK
THE TEARS BECAUSE ESCAPE FROM THIS IS LONELY / AND STIFLED THE PAIN IN
AN EFFORT TO PLEASE. / BUT YOU FAILED. DESPERATION GREW GREY HAIR GREW DESPERATION /
AND THE LINES OF WORRY DEEPENED / AND THE MASCARA RAN FILTHY
POLLUTED TEARS / THAT ERRODED THE MASK / YOU'RE LOYAL - YOU LOVE - YOU LIE /
SUFFER THE GREED - SUFFER THE GUILT - SUFFER THE LIES - THE DEGRADATION OF THE
AGELESS LOVE HE PROMISED YOU / TAINTED WITH A PRECONDITIONED LUST. / CAN'T YOU
FIX YOUR HAIR / CAN'T YOU MAKE YOURSELF UP A BIT / CAN'T YOU BE WEARING THAT
SILKY NIGHTY FOR WHEN I GET HOME. / BARING DOWN UPON YOU / MAD
CRAVING AGGRESSION IN BITTER HATEFUL EYES. / THE PAIN: / DEATH DISILLUSION /
CLAWING CARRESS / BLOODY PAIN POLLUTION. / THE PAIN THE PAIN - / LIKE SEX WAS
A WEAPON. / KEEP IT HIDDEN / YOUR PLACE TO BE LOVED? / THE FINAL NUMBNESS /
LIKE CHILLING RAIN / ICY WITHIN / EMOTIONS DRY AND CRACKED / TURN
YOUR FACE TO ONE SIDE / AND WEEP / "AM I REALLY UNWORTHY TO RESIST HIM"

CLAIRE 81



Just another alienating morning for the busy city
But soon sanity and reason will have no meaning or stronghold
For suddenly a volcanic like explosion rips through the hardened mass
Everyone shrieks in terror as the mixture of human and material
mingle together until there is no difference

There is blood and guts everywhere
And they will never be completely separated.
Even though shortly after the charred remains are put into
little plastic bags for quick and easy disposal
Once human beings but now put neatly into little polythene bags
And don't tell me that oppression justifies the action

Not when the victims are the oppressed.
A thousand years of torture cannot be used as an excuse.
A thousand protest marches cannot give sympathy to their cause.
Because a thousand hopes and dreams have been obliterated.
And a thousand newspaper headlines have been created.

Publicity before people.
There is no cause worth murder.
There is no cause worth hate.
Your cause is blinded by self-imposed paranoia
Until you become a fragment of what you used to be
But still the killing goes on...

Hoping to replace one religion and state with another
state which would be just as brutal.
Your actions have made people contemptious of your religion and state.
Your cause has made you insensitive to the real problems around you.
But still the graffittied slogans demand freedom.

And your freedom is your slavery.
The freedom to voice only your opinion.
And that opinion is held in little plastic bags.
Keeping the corpses company.....

Bob

By-Products

sitting at the garden gate,standing at the gates of hell,
lying in the grey grass jungle,rifle loaded lying low.
tunnel underground,listen for the armies,listen for sounds
of CHARLIE growing stronger in the no where zone.
listen for the neighbours,MARY this is the way it happens MARY
just like this you see,just like this,this is this is.is it,is it,
rustle of sheets,foot steps of CHRIST in the desert.
JESUS CHRIST IN A WHIRLPOOL BATH,
dead burnt skin floats on the surface of the water.

arrange your life girl,
derranged in your mind girl,
girlie,I'm gonna rearange your fucking face.
it's just a game,violent taunting,
a game of death cards,silent haunting,
domestic combat,so that I may come back.
it's just a game,gurilla gorilla,a tiny war,a plastic gun,it's just
a game,siagon roulet,it's just a game,the same effect,the same effect,
the same deffect ,the names deffect,

I JUST FROM I'VE GOT A RED PAIR OF HIGH HEELS ON COME ON MY LOVE YOU KNOW IT'S FUN